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Battles in the Air Bring a New Art For History Painting

Lieut. Henry Farre, French Official Painter of War Scenes, Had to Fly for Five Months Before He Could Paint With New "Aerial Vision"—Needed Long Familiarity With Clouds.

OUT of the horrors of the war a new art has been born—an art which will save to the world the aerial exploits of the heroes who have lived and died in the skies ever since the summer of 1914, when the Germans first began their march through Belgium.

LIEUT. HENRY FARRE.

To explain this art to the man or woman who hugs close to mother earth and studies art in all its forms from afar would be a difficult task. Just how difficult it will be can be realized by the statement of Lieut. Henry Farre, official painter of the French Army and Navy, when he says:

"It was only after five months of constant flying that I was able to transform my way of seeing so as to paint things with an aerial vision. When I first attempted my duties, there was something, the one something which counted all, lacking in my work. It came only with familiarity with the clouds above the roaring battlefront."

Now America is to see what Lieut. Farre saw—not what the aviator artist saw with his mere eyes when he first went to the front, but what he has seen since he developed what he calls the aerial vision, which is as much a sense of feeling as that of sight. His pictures of the heroes of the air, the battles, the bombardments, daring raids by the French Aviation Corps and aerial warfare in its every feature, are to be exhibited here by permission of the French military authorities.

Lieut. Farre, who has taken an active part in some of the most remarkable exploits of the Allied aviators in France and Belgium, has been decorated with the War Cross for bravery, and his work has attracted much attention in all the capitals of Europe.

"When I enlisted at the first call to arms," said Lieut. Farre, "I had two objects in view. First, to help my country in her hour of need, and second, to snatch every spare moment to put on canvas everything possible pertaining to the war."

The French War Office, however, soon learned of Lieut. Farre's work, and he was given the rank of Observer-Bombarder and attached to the first group of bombarding squadrons, where he remained until his recent departure for the United States.

It was in this position and through constant touch and association with his comrades of the Aviation Corps—sharing their sufferings and misfortunes, their happiness and their joys—that the birdman-artist has during more than three years preserved on canvas for the world and history some of the most interesting features of a war that has reached out to grasp practically every nation of the earth.

Every picture he has painted tells its own story just as that story was told on the battlefield. There is no imagination, for imagination was unnecessary. No artist living, says Lieut. Farre, could begin to imagine the acts of bravery and the scenes of horror that have actually occurred in the theatre of war, where Verdun and the Marne have been only two places along hundreds of miles of battle ground where a whole heroic nation has dripped blood.

To witness these horrors from an observation point on the ground, as one might view a herd of cattle or sheep, and to see it from a seat in the skies, gives an entirely different atmosphere to the whole scene, he explains, and it is this difference he wants the public to understand, as well as possible, when they view the pictures. To those who visit the exhibition, he asks that they put themselves in his position—that is to say, as observers in another machine.

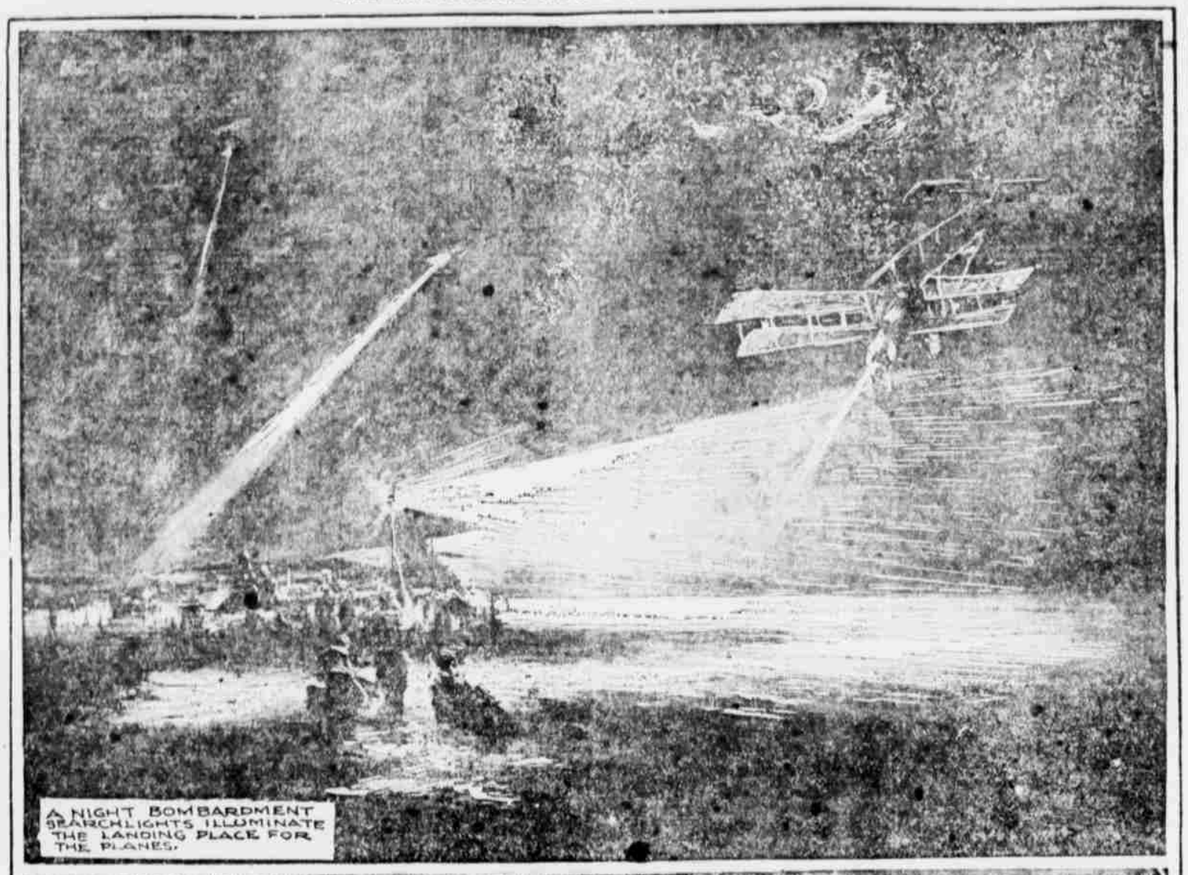
To attempt to recount all the heroic deeds of the French Aviation Corps, Lieut. Farre declares would be impossible. "But I cannot resist mentioning the exploit of Lieut. Partridge," he said. "The Lieutenant and his pilot, accompanied by two other aviators, during a night bombardment behind the lines of Verdun at the time of the great offensive, were overcome by asphyxiating gases. They were unconscious for more than ten minutes, during which time the machine, left to itself, dropped to within 500 yards of the enemy's line. The fresh air awakening the pilot, he was able to tip the asphyxiating bomb overboard and bring his observer to life.

"Was their first instinct to return to their lines? Not much. They continued their way and bombarded the railroad station. Their mission accomplished, they returned, got something hot to drink, got new avions and mounted anew for another raid some 300 kilometres distant."

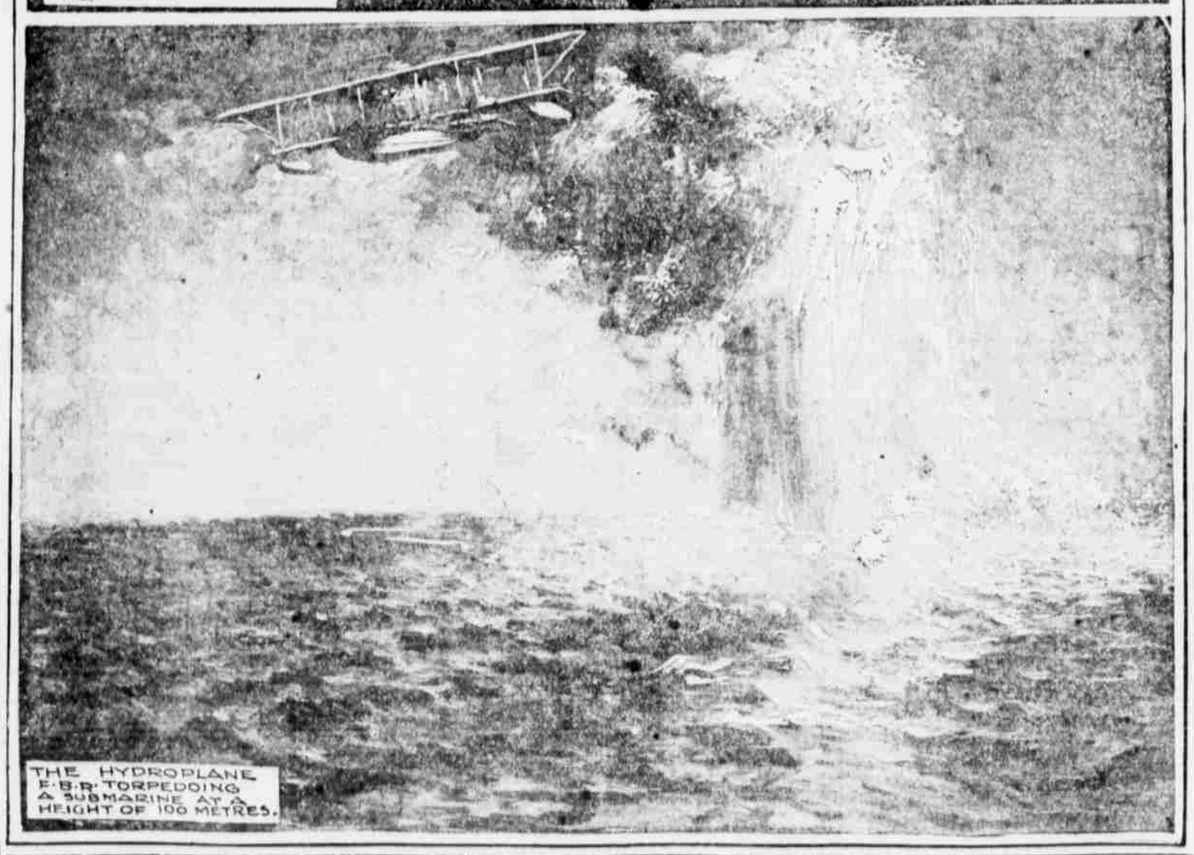
Aside from his paintings and his War Cross, the things Lieut. Farre holds dearest to his heart are four letters from four of the most valiant and celebrated aviators: Capt. Roekel, killed on the field of honor; Capt. Heurtaux, commander of the famous Stork Esquadrille, to which Guynemer, the national hero of France, was attached; Capt. Verillis and Lieut. Partridge.

Paintings of Battles in the Sky

BY LIEUT. FARRE, OFFICIAL PAINTER OF THE FRENCH ARMY, WHO BECAME AN AVIATOR TO GET MATERIAL AND WON A WAR CROSS.



A NIGHT BOMBARDMENT SEARCHLIGHTS ILLUMINATE THE LANDING PLACE FOR THE PLANES.



THE HYDROPLANE F.B.R. TORPEDOING A SUBMARINE AT A HEIGHT OF 100 METRES.

The Dreaded Enemy, Gas Gangrene

GAS GANGRENE, almost unknown in ordinary life, is the terror of the army surgeon. It is not due to poisonous gas, but is an infection set up in wounds by a bacterium, the bacillus aerogenes capsulatus. Its presence is made known by a frothy, red discharge and an unmistakable odor and a bubbling, crackling sound when the swollen flesh is pressed. When these conditions exist the surgeon knows that the germs are at work, producing a gas which burrows deep into the surrounding tissue.

Quick and heroic measures are demanded, the wound must be opened up wide and carefully cleansed after every bit of infected tissue has been cut away. A solution is applied to kill the germ, but if this is not effective, amputation is necessary. The method used is not the ordinary one for removing an arm or leg, but the so-called "guillotine," the limb being cut off straight across, leaving an open wound for further treatment.

Excellent results are now being obtained from the use of the Carrel-Dakin method, devised by Dakin of England and Carrel, the French surgeon once connected with the Rockefeller Institute. The institute has recently produced an antitoxin which is being tried out as a preventive of gas gangrene.

In the above method an antiseptic solution is placed in a glass container, from which leads a tube with branches which penetrate into every part of the wound. At regular intervals the injury is irrigated with the solution. The placing of the tubes is a delicate operation, but already the plan has saved many lives, besides making unnecesary numerous operations.

POLITE CRITICISM.

"Pa, what do people mean when they say a man has a comfortable income?"

"That's just a polite way of saying that he has less than they think necessary for themselves." — Detroit Free Press.

Ptomaines and Army Contractors

Reconstructed Geography Teaches Us That an Island Is a Body of Land Entirely Surrounded by Graft, Where Profiteers Have One Motto, Raw Prices for Raw Materials—But, Pshaw! Washington Knew All About That and Knew Just How to Treat the Fake Hessians Who Built Phoney Shoes for His Soldiers.

BY ARTHUR ("BUGS") BAER.

GEOGRAPHY got an awful kick in the whiskers when they held that graft investigation at Hog Island. Before the investigation an island was supposed to be a body of land entirely surrounded by water. But since the Government held a clinic we know now that an island is a body of land entirely surrounded by graft. The profiteers made a million per cent. on raw materials. Their motto was raw prices for raw materials. These army contractors are great birds.

We don't claim that an army contractor is crooked. All that we claim is that we can pull a cork out of a bottle with him. We don't mean to insinuate that you can't trust an army contractor. Quite the reverse. You can trust an army contractor just as far as you can throw a piano.

Contractors soaked the Government like rain soaks a Palm Beach suit. Every time a boilermaker banged a boiler the contractors walloped Uncle Sam for the blow. Uncle Sam didn't mind that, but he got sore when the contractors also charged him for the echoes. The contractors were perfectly satisfied with a legitimate profit. All they wanted was two lens for a five.

But this contracting graft is nothing new. During the Spanish-American War we bought ptomaine poisoning off the meat contractors at 20 cents a can. A guy is certainly mean when he won't even give you ptomaine poisoning for nothing.

And during the Revolution the daddy of his country was up against the same marked cards. They even dealt 'em from the bottom of the deck then. Although the Spanish-American War contractors insisted on a profit on ptomaine poisoning, the contractors in 1776 used to sell our new soldiers paper shoes.

Then the contractors would disguise themselves as Hessian soldiers. The Americans would chase the fake Hessians and wear their shoes out. Then the contractors would allow the soldiers to catch 'em just in time to buy a new pair of shoes.

Of course, Washington used to hang these fake Hessians, but a contractor doesn't mind being hanged just so long as he can charge the Government for the rope.

They call 'em contractors because they contract. A contractor contracts for building boats, he contracts for building guns, he contracts mumps, measles and he contracts investigations.

A contractor contracts everything but honesty.

The only thing about a contractor that doesn't contract is his bank account.

That expands.

My Own Experiences In the "Battalion of Death"

A Vivid, First-Hand Story of the Heroic Women of Russia Who Took Up Arms and Fought at the Front, Enduring Hardship and Death That Their Example Might Rekindle Their Country's Patriotic Fires.

By Eva Zaintz

Chapter I.—THE CALL TO ARMS.

WE are an emotional people, an impetuous and warm blooded and yet a fatalistic race—we Russians. There are mad inconsistencies in us; in our patriotism, which is unequalled; in our kindliness, which is childlike; in our hates and class rivalries, which are cruel. Only from daughters of our blood could the Battalion of Death have been formed.

EVA ZAINTZ

I, for instance, am a Jewess. My father and my great-grandfather were merchants. My grandfather was twenty-five years a Russian soldier, taking his allotted keep from the hand of the Czar to his death. And I was born and brought up and educated among the Cossacks, free of every race restriction, a Russian, merely, where Jews may not even live or travel.

I am like my grandfather, who always said that there was Tartar blood in our veins. He was a giant and a soldier whose skill and prowess gained him distinction among other soldiers of the day of Napoleon, the invader. I am six feet and more, as strong as any man. My nose is straight and short, my cheek bones high and my hair yellow.

I have thought for myself, always. It was inevitable that the education of the gymnasium, forbidden to most of my race, should implant in my breast the impulse of revolt against anything, against everything, for Russia's sake. I was a Social Democrat, skilled in the theory of the movement which will save Russia, when I was seventeen. To-day I am twenty-four. Thus you may understand how it was that I felt that I, of all others, must march with the Battalion of Death.

When I read the call, signed with the name of Mme. Batchkalova, printed in the newspapers of Taganrog, no question arose in my mind. It was a message to me as direct as a letter with my name, "Eva Zaintz," written upon the envelope. So I told my parents, holding the newspaper before me in our house in Taganrog. They did not speak; but my mother wept. All our sufferings from cold and hunger and sorrow for the dead had not made her weep. But she did not speak. Nor did my father. One of the wounded soldiers in our house wept, weakly, with my mother.

"Russia has come to this!" he said. "Her women must die because the blood of her men has turned to water."

"Every Russian must die for Russia, if need be," I said. "The soldiers who are untaught and misled will return to fight for Russia if they see women dying to set them an example—I am fit to go and I am willing to go."

On the following day I took my place on the special train which left Taganrog, as Mme. Batchkalova's advertisement had announced, to carry the volunteers for the Battalion of Death to Petrograd. There were seventeen of us from Taganrog. Some were the widows of soldiers, some were young women from the shoe factories and the metal works, who were impoverished and starving.

One of the seventeen was Nussa Popova, who had been my schoolmate and friend from the days when we were children. She lived in a finer and larger house than ours. Seven wounded soldiers were there. She was engaged to marry a young Belgian whose father owned the principal metal works in Taganrog. Her fiance had gone to serve as an officer in the Belgian Army. Her father also was an officer in a Cossack regimen. We wept and embraced when we met at the railroad station, and swore that we would die together for Russia. Many of our friends wept and kissed us.

But it was not all tears. There were flags—Russian flags and the red flags of the Social Democracy, and speeches were made and cheers given for us. Women who were too old or who were not strong begged to go with us, but we would not take them.

When the train left the station we cheered and sang the "Marseillaise," and swore again each to the other that we would die, if need be, for Russia. It was like that all through the long journey to Petrograd. At every town more women came in the train, while the people wept and cheered. We felt an inspiration that thrilled us to our very hearts. It was like a madness surging in our veins. We were going to save Russia.

We called each other by the names of men. Every Russian woman's name can be a man's name. I called Nussa "Nussanova." She called me "Evanova." There was a girl whom we had known whose name was Vera. We called her "Vladimir." Another girl, Lida, we called "Petrova."

(To Be Continued on Wednesday.)

Some Famous Spendthrifts Of History

THE newest successful applicant for the doubtful title of "Spendthrift" is one Edward N. Morrison, a Chicagoan, whose $6,000,000 fortune has melted so completely in fifty years that his visible assets now are $11.73.

Compared with some of the spendthrifts of history and of newspaper fame, Morrison is still in the novice, or semi-piker class. For instance:

Back in 1900, Scott McKeown was nicknamed "The Prince of Modern Spendthrifts." He won this claim to royalty by spending $1,000,000 a year at the time he was twenty-two. He said, "We don't keep books in our crowd!" but he was able to remember a few of his more spectacular modes of prying himself free from his non-adheaive fortune. Here are one or two items:

"Lost at poker in a year, $50,000. A wedding gift of pearls and diamonds to his bride, $100,000. A prolonged joy ride with friends of both sexes (of which his clearest recollection was that "Rome howled, that time!"), $20,000. Necklace for a girl he loved, $60,000. Gold pieces scattered on a hotel lobby floor in San Francisco by way of celebration, $20,000."

Prince Huiwha (third son of the King of Corea) struck New York late in 1901, having come to America to study. He confined the sphere of his studies to the White Way. His college campus was at Broadway and 42d Street. He decided that at the age of twenty money is too common to keep. Among minor expenses he bought eighty-seven suits, with a hand embroidered waistcoat for each. His royal dad cruelly interfered just when the sirens of Broadway were looking forward to a luxurious old age. He had already lavished $30,000 on a few of these damsels.

For five years (1894 to 1899) Alonzo Yates lived at the rate of $800,000 a year. His father, a Syracuse business man, began life on $800 and ended it, forty years later, with $4,000,000. It took his son a scant five years to squander this hard won hoard.

Theodore Hostetter, the young Pittsburgh Croesus who died in New York of pneumonia in 1902, threw away more than $1,000,000 in a single year in local gambling houses. It was said that he owed another half million to New York gamblers when he died.

John Tedman (who died in 1902) used to be known as "the most remarkable millionaire in America." He was a Texan, by adoption, and had an income variously estimated from $150,000 a year up. His life-fear was that he would not be able to spend all his money. He died doing his best. He used to order beer by the carload, and had it shipped to his ranch in special ice wagons. He used to go from one barber shop to another, perhaps a dozen times a day, for the joy of being shaved over and over again and to watch the amaze of the barbers at the big handful of gold and silver he handed each of them.

And yet the effort of our modern spendthrifts are babyish compared to the wealth-wasters of yore. Charles James Fox owed $700,000 in gambling debts. Roman youths boasted that a single meal cost them $12,000, and that they spent million dollar patrimonies in one night at the gaming table. The King of Siam, not many years ago, visited the Kaiser. During his brief Berlin stay he spent $3,000,000 on diamonds and $75,000 for one gold thimble. For a necklace he spent $600,000.